

Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Streets 2 Da Stage

Verse 1: Peter Gunz

It been a long time comin, but I came
Coulda drove a nigga crazy, but I sane
Been a lotta fun, lotta pain
Lotta shit changed, I use to hop trains
Now I hoppin in planes headed for Lanes
I use to have a job but I quit
Niggas in the Bronx called me lex
Now they call me mothaf**kin six
Bitches use to front now they switch
Cause they walk by tappin my dick lickin they lips
See me in the Bronx strollin
Down the muthaf**kin street, holdin
Nothin but mothaf**kin heat
Surrounded by thirty niggas with thirty dirty guns
Some (S-S-S-O-O-O) niggas thatl rip you from yo neck to yo lung
Have you lyin in a pool of your blood swallowin tongue
As sweet as it look don get it twisted
Or get twisted too, right up in your mothaf**kin biscuit
I remember when my P-O said Peto
You need to get yo shit together and see the C-O
That when I dazed ya crew with Deja Vu
And rounded up a hundred thugs that blaze yll too

Chorus: Lord Tariq

Now from the streets to da stage
From movin stones and bricks
To makin hits and ridin round in a six (a come on)
Peter Gunz and ya don stop
And Killer Cam and ya won stop

Verse 2: Camon

Ayo my transporter 65
Ya all know the deal
J. Barfield drive a ?2 oldsmobile
Keep a low appeal, but oh yo he so for real
I stick to old timers (why) cause the old squel
They be the first to snitch so you alert a chick
If she settle Cam la hurt the bitch
And I don care who she mess with
Rest with, put too much time and effort
To get a deficit, f**k the relevant
Affections what you better get, stay on defense
Cause when you see me tense
It about to be a real wild sequence
Got to debench and we hot
Like a weed spot, let off three shots
Spray pee tops, bout to take the customers to we got
So we switch now, Don house come with three rots
And um Harlem niggas know how to play
Cause I got the 600 and the rest of yll want it

Chorus: Lord Tariq

Now from the streets to da stage
From movin stones and bricks
To makin hits and ridin round in a six (a come on)
Killa Cam and ya don stop
The Lord Tariq and ya won stop

Verse 3: Lord Tariq

The Lord Tariq, a Bronx nigga, nigga I get around
8th ave., bright lights niggas, all tops down
I turn yo smiles to frowns
And get you clown niggas sick

When I come around I got yo bitch on my dick
Uptown movin nothin but stones and bricks
Since '6 I was ownin shit, I born to flick
A O to an 8th, 8th to keys and quick
We gettin chased by the P and shit
Tearin up the turnpike when I burn right
And a man position is based on when he earns right
Well from silly to willy nigg-az wit big cas, that gotta connect
I walk the world gettin Gotti respect
I got a lot to inject to all those who oppose the BX
And to my hoes how you want those cash or check
Wire or charge, my dick is hard bitch thanx
I ain got no money cause I ain yo f**kin bank
Feds still lookin, searchin all through Brooklyn
But I in the Bronx takin paper that taken
Headed Southbound out of town with a pound of the brown
F**k the fun, I gettin mon, it no time to f**k around
I gotta stash full of guns and we pumpin the sounds
Pack the coke in vaseline foolin the drug hounds
A big nigga I soon to be now
The block is hot but I ice so I coolin it down
I gained weight stepped it up stepped off the pitcher mound
I got the money the power and the bitches now
Feds takin pictures now
The thugs wanna get ya now
But I got somethin for you thugs, take this nigga, blaow
Shot that nigga down in his town
First round, ding, bell ring it on
Now who the next nigga dead in my next song, mothaf**ka

Chorus: Lord Tariq
Now from the streets to da stage
From movin stones and bricks
To makin hits and ridin round in a six (a come on)
Lord Tariq and ya don stop
And Peter Gunz and ya won stop

Chorus: Lord Tariq
Now from the streets to da stage
From movin stones and bricks
To makin hits and ridin round in a six (a come on)
Uptown and ya don stop
The Boogie Down and ya won stop